



# IN OTHER LANDS

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LAHORE  
UTTAR CHAND KAPUR & SONS  
1933

*Printed by Guran Datta Kapur at The Kapur Art Printing Works,  
Abbott Road, Lahore, and published by  
Uttar Chand Kapur & Sons, Anarkali, Lahore.*

## PREFACE

These short sketches of various parts of the Empire have been prepared by me, in conjunction with Mr. M. G. Singh and Mr. D. C. Sharma, for the use of students preparing for the Matriculation Examination. They contain much information not usually accessible to the schoolboy and should prove of interest.

LAHORE:  
*October 10, 1928.*

H. L. O. G.



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## IN OTHER LANDS





## I. "OUTWARD BOUND."

An Indian youth who dreams of success in life dreams of England as the country where success is achieved. The trains that leave regularly for Bombay on mail days carry with them a few of such ambitious young men, *outward bound*, to a distant land of charms. Fond parents and friends gather round the traveller with flowers and presents, for he is going on a long journey, and he may not return at least for two years.

The train that carries the traveller to Bombay is nowadays a very fast one. It is usually called the Bombay Mail. To the young adventurer the name is significant as it contains a part of his dreams that begin with his departure from home for a place that stands for life in the West.

With strange and mixed feelings the young Indian leaves his home and friends. There is the sense of excitement and adventure which every new and unknown journey produces. There is the satisfaction of starting on a new life that may lead to great things. But there is also the pain of parting from faces that have been familiar since childhood, from places where one has lived all one's life.

But these young men, outward bound, soon forget the pain of parting. A day's journey from home and they form new alliances. If not on the train itself, at least on board the huge ship that carries thousands of men across the seas, there are many more bent on the pursuit of the same ideal of success.

Long and anxious are the conversations that are held among them, as they walk about the spacious decks of these monsters of the sea. Many of our young men are ignorant of the ways of life in the West. They are afraid of handling 'knife and fork' with which the European eats his food. They are anxious not to make a mistake on their way to the bath rooms located in one corner of the boat. And this ignorance of little things extends to more or less every detail of life according to the home and station from which they come. Sons of rich zamindars from the outlying districts, tall stalwart men with the ample yield of their fields in their pockets, find it very difficult to fit into the restraints of a conventional existence. The keen air of the sea sometimes excites appetites which are not satisfied for fear of doing the wrong thing at the table.

But the life on board ship is a good training for the new life in a strange land. Here they learn to do little things that make all the difference to a man's comfort.

For there is very little difference between one of these big modern ships and an up-to-date Western hotel.

The liners that sail between Australia and India, and India and England are of monstrous sizes ranging from a gross weight, without cargo, of 10,000 tons to 20,000 tons. They are so well-equipped as to excel most hotels on land in luxury and comfort for the rich who can pay well. These boats provide every conceivable comfort. Passengers may have a special suite of rooms to themselves: a bedroom, a bath room, and a sitting room. They may have special telephones put into their cabins. But even for the ordinary traveller there is a good comfortable voyage assured. He is allotted a *berth*—that is, a long and comfortable bed on which he can sleep at night—to himself. His heavy luggage is stowed away in the hold—or store room—of the ship, and his small suit case and hand-bag go under his berth. By the side of his berth he has his own arrangements for washing—a basin with a tap of water running when needed.

These cabins are built at various levels. A ship has several platforms or decks built one above the other. The lowest portions of the ship, made very water-tight and strong, are under the water. In these parts the huge engines, the stores, the cargo, water and coal of the boat, are carried. Above the surface of the water, or a little below it, so as to leave the windows, (or port holes as they are called at sea) above the water, are built long lines of cabins or small rooms with berths built along the walls wherever space and reasonable

comfort admit of their being built. The higher you go the more you pay; for the cabins on the upper decks are more airy and situated near those parts of the boat where every one likes to be.

In the central part of the ship are built large rooms for dining, sitting, or smoking. There are several of these rooms, all very well furnished. Separate rooms for ladies are provided. Extensive arrangements for amusement are made to break the monotony of the voyage. All modern ships on these much-frequented routes have good libraries which issue books to passengers free of charge.

Arrangements for physical exercise are as perfect as those for amusement or comfort. Well-equipped gymnasiums are there, and in some boats beautiful swimming tanks filled every time with fresh sea water. Minor games, such as deck tennis, quoits, and the like, are also available.

Thrown into each other's company the voyagers become very friendly. Mere acquaintances mature into fast friendships in a day, confidences are quickly exchanged, and promises of everlasting correspondence earnestly made. But with land returns commonsense, old habits of life are resumed and the few moments of romance soon forgotten.

Most governments now require very elaborate arrangements for the safety of the passengers. Wireless communication between the ship and stations on land, or other ships, is constantly kept up. Normally this is used to get some choice music for the passengers from some broadcasting station,

or to issue a daily bulletin giving the latest news of the world. But in times of danger, frantic S.O.S. signals are sent out to summon help. Occasionally there is a parade on the decks of every ship to teach the passengers how to act in times of danger. Curious looking bags, with cork, or something else equally light in them, are adjusted on one's back, and a place on the deck allotted to one. When the small life boats, carried on its sides by every big ship, are lowered, the passengers are put into them and rowed away to safety.

A fine tradition has grown up among the crews of these liners. They are very well disciplined, everybody knows his duty, and is at all times anxious to perform it. In times of fire or shipwreck their behaviour is splendid. There is a great noise, and running to and fro, but there is no confusion except among the panic-stricken passengers. The crew stand to their posts of duty to the last. The picture of the captain of a ship standing gallantly to attention on the bridge of his boat, as it is sinking inch by inch, is one that cannot easily be forgotten. It is a monument to man's unselfishness, and the sailor's unflinching devotion to duty.

## 2. ON THE WAY TO LONDON.

The voyage from Bombay to Marseilles, a port in France, takes a fortnight. The ships call at Aden, and Port Said on the way. Most of the passengers break the monotony of their voyage by a visit to the waterworks at Aden, and the monument to the French Engineer who helped to build the Suez Canal at Port Said. But everybody is anxious to push on. Even the most timid and sea-sick of sailors does not wish to prolong these halts by the way. We are all westward bound, and wish to arrive as soon as we may.

From Marseilles to London is only a few hours' journey by the P. and O. Express. But travelling by this luxury train with its sleeping cars and moving restaurants is expensive. Most of our students cannot afford it. They take the cheaper, slower, and perhaps the more interesting journey by the daily trains to Paris. Trains in France are more or less like our trains. There is a very cheap third class, quite as crowded, and unfortunately quite as dirty, as our own. The second and first classes are better and more comfortable. In Paris we change from one station to another, from the south of the city to its north, to catch a train for Calais or Boulogne. Small fast boats leave Calais for Dover, and Boulogne for Folkestone.

The English Channel is rough at most times of the year, and the crossing is dreaded by every one except the most inveterate and hardy of sailors. A keen cold breeze is always blowing and the sight of men and women lying huddled on deck chairs or in corners of the cabins lower down is quite a common one.

Fortunately the crossing takes a very short time. As soon as one leaves the French coast and looks about in the other direction the famous white cliffs of Dover are sighted. It is only from one of these fast boats, and on a fine morning, that one completely realizes the beauty of the well-known lines of Shakespeare in his *King Lear*:

"The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Shows scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy  
Almost too small for sight.

The examination of one's luggage at the Customs House takes some time. All the luggage is carefully gone through for articles on which an import duty is levied. But if you are lucky in securing a porter who knows his job, and whose expectations of a tip you have not defrauded on a previous occasion, you are through the Customs even before you have found your shore legs again.



A train is waiting for you just across the platform, and for the first time you feel as if the trains and boats start from the same platform.

The English trains are the very acme of comfort. The English third-class carriages are more comfortable, and less crowded than our seconds on a main line. In winter the compartments are heated by steam by means of pipes running all along the train from the engine to the guard's brake van. Special carriages are reserved for those who wish to smoke on the journey. An Englishman is very particular about a seat next to the window. If he can secure one with his back to the engine, he will settle down contentedly in it, and read his paper and smoke his pipe. From the expression on his face you would think that he was the sole occupant of the whole train—so unconcerned with you or your affairs does he seem. As for talking to others—not a word. And if, out of ignorance, or sheer bravado, you were to ask him a question, he would give you a very polite, but very laconic, reply which puts a speedy end to all your attempts at conversation. The Englishman thinks it very bad manners to ask questions that are very personal—such as, 'What is your pay?' 'What profession are you in?' 'What is your father?—questions which one has to answer every day on a journey in India.

The boat train from Dover or Folkestone reaches London at Victoria Station—one of the biggest railway termini in England. These big stations are built into the very heart of London.

Streets busy with traffic of all kinds run parallel to the rails. It is quite as disconcerting to find a taxi waiting for you opposite the very door of your carriage as it was to find a train waiting for you as you got down from your boat.

But very few people make use of these taxies—people with plenty of money, or plenty of luggage. Most people put their small suit-case into a cloak room for twopence, rush to the nearest 'tube' station a few yards away, and are off to their destination in about as much time as one takes to get down from a railway carriage in India. People carry their own luggage, a porter is called in only for very heavy baggage. The porters are paid by the railway companies, though tips are freely expected and given.

The 'tube' trains of London are a marvel of engineering skill. To cope with the enormous traffic London has developed a system of transport unique in the world for ease and speed in travel. For miles around trains run *underground*, and carry literally millions of people every day from one place to another. The fares are very small, ranging from 1½d. to 6d. according to the distance that you travel,—and it is a very long distance indeed that one cannot go by tube in London.

The first deep-level railway was opened in London in 1890, but it was not till 1905 that the present system of underground railways was commenced. The first system, the old *Metropolitan*, was a shallow underground railway, long worked

by steam locomotive engines. The possibilities of such a system were obviously limited. The network of railways grew apace as soon as electricity was used to yield the motive power. Now there is no important quarter of London, or her suburbs, that cannot be reached in a few minutes from the Bank of England, the central and most extensive junction of her underground railways.

London begins to move on these electric wheels about 5-30 a.m. Trains come and go in all directions every five minutes or so. The real rush begins about 8 a.m., when trains laden with men and women arrive at a station, stop for what seems to the dazed spectator the twinkling of an eye, exchange passengers, and speed away again. But in spite of the big crowds there is no confusion. Every one knows his way, every employee knows his job. Woe be to the man who does not ! He misses train after train while he stands staring, trying to understand what it all means.

But no stranger with the least common sense need get lost. The way to these underground stations is easily found by huge sign-boards with the words UNDERGROUND written on them at the entrance to the station. Booking offices are situated at the street level. Tickets for short distance can be obtained from automatic machines. You put the coin in a slot, draw a handle out, and the ticket you want comes out. At every few yards on the way full directions are painted on the walls. A lift-man checks your ticket, admits you to the

first time you feel as if your heart is sinking. The lift stops as soon as you reach the station level, the door is opened, and the passengers step out and march off on various sides along subways full of directions showing the platforms where trains for different stations leave.

The unfamiliar stranger has to be a little careful, as only the names of the first and last stations on a line are generally shown on the trains—when he wants to go to Gujranwala he may be travelling to Amritsar instead. Also there are certain trains, the so-called 'non-stop,' which do not stop at all the stations on the way. But no one who has kept his eyes open need make a mistake. Every train has the name of its destination shown on or near the engine; every non-stop is so marked, and before it arrives at the platform an electric indicator shows the names of the stations where the train will not stop.

There is only one class on these trains. The seats are narrow but comfortable. The walls and ceiling of the carriages are covered with advertisements which are a source of substantial revenue to railway companies. 'Get it at Harrods;' 'Wear Summit collars;' 'Bovril is best;' and the like stare you in the face wherever you look. And there is very little else to look at for we are speeding through dark tunnels under the ground all the time. We come to a halt with a jerk, the carriage doors open automatically and we are thrown out on to the platform with the rest of humanity.

### 3. IN LONDON.

London is full of interesting sights and scenes. There are innumerable places where the student of history, or literature, or art, or politics may spend hours together. So vast is London that even Londoners bred and born do not know it. Life and manners are so different in different parts of London that a stranger might well question if it is one city. Perhaps, in the words of a great English Essayist, we should call it the Nation of London.

We have seen how thousands of men and women are carried to and fro in the trains that run underground every few minutes. And yet if we were to stand in one of London's busy thoroughfares, we should not imagine that any more humanity was left to be carried underground. As far as the eye can stretch we see men moving—moving ceaselessly. Men in cars, men in buses and on top of them, men on foot, men standing about, men in shops and out of them. There is so much traffic on wheels that cars can only creep along. Sometimes they have to wait their turn to cross a junction of roads for a half hour. The policeman who stands in the middle of the road directing traffic has a very difficult task to perform. He is facing your way now: one arm stretched sideways to stop the traffic from behind, the other arm

vertical to stop the traffic in front: while the traffic from right and left begins to flow on like a mighty river that has been kept in check too long. The policeman's eye is anxiously waiting for the slightest break in this long line of moving wheels. He knows that a line miles long is forming in front and behind. He blows a whistle, takes a right turn, and as if by magic the moving traffic stops, and the standing traffic moves on.

The direction of traffic is the least part of a London policeman's duty. Sometimes he can speak some other language besides English, so that he may be helpful to strangers. Old women and children, nervous of crossing the streets with such traffic on them, have to be piloted across: it is the 'bobby' who does it. He is the politest of men, and the gentlest of creatures—and he is six feet tall. But he can swear and he can hit: so you must not try to cross in front of a car, or worry him too much, or refuse to do as he asks you to.

One would have to write many books to say what is of interest in London. There are so many places to go to. Perhaps the most notable are the two ancient churches of London: St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Abbey, which is a very old church, is the smaller but, on account of its situation, perhaps, the more imposing of the two. It is the finest example in England of the Early English architecture. Since the days of King Harold whose coronation was held in this church

in 1066, it has been the coronation church of the Kings of England. Also this is the English Temple of Fame. All the eminent soldiers, statesmen, or poets of England are either buried in this church, or have monuments raised here in their memory. One of the most notable of recent tombs is that of the *Unknown Warrior* who fell in the last Great War in Europe.

The church is a huge structure 513 feet long. From north to south it is 200 feet broad. The height of the church is 102 feet, but the towers rise 225 feet above the level of the ground.

The Abbey dominates the neighbourhood in which it stands. It is difficult to get any fair idea of its magnificence from the congested London street. One really wants to have a free unobstructed view of it from a distance. The interior of the church as seen from various points of view presents an awe-inspiring sight. The white marble of some parts, the mosaic work in other parts, combined with dark and superbly artistic wood work, make the church a place of glory.

Visitors are allowed free access to the main building on Mondays only. On other days of the week, except Sundays, a fee of 6d. is charged. The chapels or small places of worship built on the sides of the main building can be seen only in the company of an official, and with tickets which can be bought from him at a small fee.

There is a school attached to the Abbey. It is housed in a part of the Abbey itself. The College

Hall, where the boys dine, contains some very curious relics: an old oak screen, some ancient tapestry and very rich stained glass. The table in the Hall are said to have been made out of the timbers of the Spanish Armada so signally defeated by the English navy under Drake and the other adventurous Elizabethan seamen.

St Paul's Cathedral is built in the heart of the City of London. It is impossible to get a good view of its exterior now except from the Bankside some distance away. But its majestic dome, standing well above the many magnificent neighbouring buildings, dominates for miles round the general panorama of the city. Its shadow falls on all of them and lends them a grandeur which even the casual visitor to the city will observe.

The present church dates only from the seventeenth century. A famous English architect, Sir Christopher Wren, made the original design, though it was slightly altered in the execution by the prevailing taste of the times. But the site on which the Cathedral is built has for centuries been the base of one church after another. The first of which we have any historical record was built as early as 607 A.D. Ethelbert, King of Kent, had it built for Mellitus who became the first Bishop of London; and the present Bishop of London traces an unbroken accession to this Bishop of the seventh century.

The church was several times destroyed by fire and rebuilt again till reduced to ashes by the



Great Fire of London in 1666. Some scanty remains of the old chapel-house and cloisters may still be seen by the side of the south wall. Another interesting relic of the ancient church is in the north-east angle of the choir: the foundation of the famous *Paul's Cross*.

It was from this cross that the early blows at the reformed religion in England were struck. The bulls, or religious edicts, of the Popes of Rome were published from the pulpit of Paul's Cross; and anti-Protestant sermons were preached. Those who questioned the truth of the Roman Catholic religion, the so-called heretics, were brought here and made to repent. Old women who enjoyed the doubtful reputation of being witches were brought here from distant villages in the country and burnt alive. It was from this pulpit that the well-known condemnation of Luther, the first Protestant against the authority of the Pope, was preached in the presence of Wolsey. The cross and pulpit continued to be there as late as 1643 when they were removed by an Act of Parliament. Now only a beautiful memorial designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield in 1910, marks this site of such varied associations.

St. Paul's is one of the five biggest churches in the world. The other four, all bigger than St. Paul's, are St. Peter's at Rome, and the Cathedrals of Milan, Seville, and Florence. It is 515 feet in length, and 102 feet broad; the outer dome, considered to be the grandest feature of this or any

other church, is 365 feet high above the pavement. When one remembers that St. Paul's stands on a slight eminence, this gives the dome an exceedingly imposing height.

The British Museum, the biggest in the world, is another feature of London. Its development from a small library left to the nation by Sir John Cotton in 1700, has been very rapid. Rich men, princes, kings, and the British people at home and abroad have all contributed to its vast contents. The exterior of the building in which the Museum is housed is not much to look at: quiet, sombre, but artistic. But inside the Museum a visitor is lost with wonder and delight. There is nothing on the face of the earth of which a specimen or two is not to be found here.

There is a Director and Principal Librarian of the Museum, Sir Frederic Kenyon. The entire contents of the Museum are divided into nine sections, each of them under a separate keeper, an authority in the section over which he presides. The selection of the keepers is made with the greatest care, and it is the highest recognition of a man's scholarship and ability to be appointed to one of these posts. Perhaps the most fascinating sections are those that relate to Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, the Greek and Roman antiquities, and coins and medals. The rapid growth in the number of collections made it necessary to have a separate Museum for objects of interest to the naturalist and the pure scientist. This Museum

of Natural History and Science is now in South Kensington.

The Museum is open to all visitors free of charge from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on week days, and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. on Sundays. Many scholars bent upon the untiring pursuit of knowledge, spend their lives in the quiet and retirement of its silent walls. They come in the morning, with a frugal mid-day meal in their pockets, and sit at their self-imposed task till they are literally driven out by the closing of the Museum. Arrangements for tea exist within the Museum, and many students of the past of mankind content themselves with a little food and a cup of tea. Without such devotion to learning we could not have known all that we know about the life and thought of our ancestors. Those of us who have any ambition in this direction have to practise such self-denial of the pleasures of life.

#### 4. THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We often hear and read of the great Public Schools in England, but perhaps we do not really understand what they are. A description of the system of schools in England is sure to be of interest to an Indian schoolboy, because it is so very different from his own. Here in India two things are clear at once. First, that with the exception of the Chiefs' Colleges, all boys, rich and poor alike, attend the same schools. Secondly that all schools in India are closely connected with the Government. If the school is not a Government school, it nevertheless gets a grant from Government and is visited by a Government inspector. But in England things are quite different. Speaking broadly, we may say that while the system of education of the rich classes is very old and has nothing to do with the Government, the education of the lower classes is very new and has everything to do with the Government. It is less than a hundred years ago that the first Government grant for the education of the poor classes was made. This was in 1833 and it was only about three lakhs. This seems rather a miserable sum to us when we see such amount spent upon a single laboratory or a High School. Up to that time the education of the poor classes was entirely in the

hands of religious bodies or charitable societies.

Since this tiny beginning enormous strides have of course been made and the whole country is now covered with a net-work not only of primary schools but of secondary schools also. In most of the latter, the education is as good as that of the great Public Schools and the clever boys find no difficulty in gaining scholarships at one of the Universities.

But we must now turn to the Public Schools many of which, as we have already said, are very old.

The boy of the richer class used in the old days to go direct to a Public School when he was quite young and he usually had a bad time of it, for the life was rough and there was plenty of bullying. 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' which, probably, many of you have read, gives a good picture of an English Public School in the old days.

Nowadays the young boy usually goes first to what is called a Preparatory School. This is a small school, the numbers vary, but 70-80 would be a good average, kept by a schoolmaster as a private speculation. He engages his own staff, and charges what fees he likes. A Preparatory School is like a doctor's practice. Some of them have a big reputation, are always full and can charge what they like. Others struggle along.

But they are purely private affairs, get no Government grant, and are not inspected by the Government inspectors. A boy usually leaves his

Preparatory School when about 13 years of age and then either gets a scholarship at one of the great Public Schools or, if he is not good enough for that, passes an Entrance Examination into one of these schools.

A Public School sounds as if it ought to be open to the public. So it is, in theory, if you can get in. But there are two obstacles. The headmaster, who is usually an autocrat in these matters, may refuse to admit you. Secondly, the school fees and expenses are usually so high—£200 or £300 a year to-day—that only the richer people can afford to send their sons to them. As it is, the demand is so great that all these schools have a long waiting list and many parents put down the names of their sons as soon as they are born.

A Public School has nothing to do with the Government except that the constitution of its governing body is regulated by an Act of Parliament in many cases. Further, as many of them are very wealthy and have very large endowments, the Government has appointed certain officials to see that their endowments are properly managed.

Each Public School is a little world of its own. For each has its own peculiar customs, its own special names for things, in some cases its own special games. The older the school the more elaborate these are. In the famous School of Winchester, for example, the boys talk almost a language of their own.

De Quinecy, an old student of the School,

and a well-known essayist of the nineteenth century, gives an interesting account of this language. It was called *Ziph*. "It was communicated," says he, "to any aspirant for a fixed fee of one-half guinea, but it was then communicated to me—as I do now to the reader—*gratis*. I make a present of this language without fee or price, or entrance money, to my honoured reader; and let him understand that it is undoubtedly a bequest of olden times. Perhaps it may be co-eval with the Pyramids.... It has a unique advantage; it is applicable to all languages alike; nor can it be understood by one not initiated in the mystery. The secret is this (and the grandeur of simplicity it has)—repeat the vowel or diphthong of every syllable, prefixing to the vowel so repeated the letter G. Thus, for example:—Shall we go away in an hour? Three hours we have already staid. This in *Ziph* becomes—*Shagall weue gogo aya wagay igin again hongour? Threegee hongours wege hagave agal—reageadygy stagaid*. It must not be supposed that *Ziph* proceeds slowly. A very little practice gives the greatest fluency; so that even now, though certainly I cannot have practised it for fifty years, my power of speaking the *Ziph* remains unimpaired..... It is not necessary that the consonant interposed be G. Evidently any consonant will answer the purpose. For L would be softer, and so far better."

In my own school, another very old one, a bath was called 'a tosh,' a candle 'a toly,' and so on. Until we had been in the school a year we were

not allowed to wear a button hole in our coats or carry a walking stick. These little things may seem childish but they give each school a peculiar individuality of its own and tend to make the boys very loyal to their old school.

A boy's time at a Public School lasts until about 18-19 years of age. Then he goes to the University or into the Army or directly out into the world. And before he leaves school his character has been formed. The training that he has received there could not have been obtained anywhere else. The amount of restraint and discipline imposed on the new boy is made up by an equal amount of liberty and initiative allowed to those who have been in school for some years. Thus a boy is first taught to obey, and then before he leaves school he is taught to command.

Everything in the school is done by the boys themselves under the guidance of their teachers. Not every teacher would succeed in a school of this type. There are traditions that have to be respected, and any one who treads on them, scholar or teacher, is sure to come to grief.

For centuries the one god of worship in a Public School has been sport. Cricket and Rugby Football are the most favourite games. And it is on the playground rather than in the class-room that the character of a Public School boy receives its final shape. These schools are mainly residential, both boys and masters live in the school. They meet like friends, know each other's failings,



but respect each other nevertheless. For these and many other reasons the period of a schoolboy's life in England is the happiest part of his existence.

Since the War, Public School life has changed a little. The value of sport is still recognised, but scholarship also receives its due. Boys are encouraged to develop their own tastes, and the old sameness of education for all no longer prevails.

The influence of Public Schools has penetrated into the very life of the British Empire. All our statesmen, soldiers, and administrators—in short most of our Empire builders—have been men from the famous Public Schools of England. They have a distinctive character of their own; this character is so much in harmony with the essential English character that in spite of efforts at imitation no other country of the world has produced the like of the English Public School.

## 5. TWO GREAT UNIVERSITIES.

A Public School boy who wishes to proceed with his studies seeks admission to Oxford or Cambridge: they are *the* Universities in England. Not only are they the oldest, but also in many respects they continue the life and traditions of the great Public Schools. Only the life is freer, the student is left very much to himself, reads what he likes, meets the people that he fancies, and is not responsible to any one except to a strong public opinion that prevails in Colleges.

Being in Oxford once before the term began in autumn, the writer was struck by its exceeding peace and old-world air. It is a city of parks and pleasant walks, surrounded on all sides by beautiful stone buildings that have stood there for centuries. Tall spires of churches strike the eye from a distance and lead you on as it were to this home of learning.

The many woods that surround Oxford stood bathed in morning sunlight that autumn day. The leaves of a myriad shades of brown rustled in a slight cool breeze that blew through the tree tops. The grass was green below with a greenness that England only can give. The contrast—and on a deeper look—the harmony of colours was indeed wonderful. In such a setting it was not difficult to

imagine that long generations of scholars had lived only to lose themselves in the ceaseless pursuit of learning. It did not seem difficult for one to be like them if one chose.

Cambridge is even quieter than Oxford which during term strikes one as an important commercial town. The little river Cam, from which the town derives its name, runs through the lawns of some of the colleges and waters their beautiful slopes of grass. It is a rare enjoyment to lie on one of them and dream away one's summer life under the tall trees, or go floating past them equally busy in a tiny boat.

But the undergraduate who goes to these Universities is not a dreamer. He is all movement and energy. Even those inclined to be bookish have hobbies of their own. In the afternoons every undergraduate is busy getting fit, so to say. He brings his love of sport from the Public School to the University. You may see very few of them at lectures, but you see every one out in the playgrounds engaged in a strenuous game of *rugger* or *soccer*, or hockey—not *hocker* yet, thank God. Those who have no use for games go out for long walks into the country.

The average undergraduate does not work hard for his examinations. But he does very extensive reading into things that interest him. The college to which he belongs, and where he lives, sees to that. He has a tutor to whom he goes once a week at least and discusses with him the results

of his study. No regular classes are held. There are lectures by Professors in the University to which any one or no one may go. A man studies only one subject for his B.A., but there are 9 to 11 papers which cover almost every branch of the subject. The examination held at the end of three years is a very stiff test of one's ability and scholarship. Memory does not pay much; and consequently a first class is a rare distinction.

At the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge men have other ambitions than to be mere scholars. Very few of them go there merely to get a good start in life. Perhaps the education given there is such as to discourage any ideas of this commercial nature. It is for the cultivation of the mind and character of a man that these old colleges came into existence—and they have still the same ideal before them. Whereas every boy and girl in England goes to school, only 9 per cent. of them ever reach the University. Here in India a large proportion of those educated go to the Universities—and are no better off.

The difference lies at the bottom: in schools rather than colleges. Through the schools here being different the colleges have to be different. We have seen how an English boy does not leave school till he is 18 or 19: by that time he has formed his likes and dislikes, his enthusiasms and prejudices. He goes away from school not entirely unprovided for the ups and downs of life. Among us the boy who passes on from a school to a college

is much too young to make any use of the Oxford type of education. He is still a schoolboy and has to be looked after and educated like one.

Oxford and Cambridge have splendid traditions of scholarly work. There the boundaries of knowledge are being pushed back farther and farther every day. The teachers at the University are not all well paid—but comfort and leisure are assured for all of them. Very few of them have more than two lectures a week. The rest of the time, of course, they are engaged in study. They are always accessible to students, and that tradition of friendship between a tutor and his ward is much stronger here than even at school.

Other Universities have sprung up in England. Every important town has a University of its own now. But they do not try to imitate the ways of Oxford or Cambridge. They are more like our own Universities—mainly examining bodies, but not without an able body of teachers for the guidance and instruction of their students.

## 6. THE HOLIDAY RUSH.

To most Englishmen, Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, or London, are not England. The heart of the country with its green fields and pastures, with its country lanes and wild flowers, and its many sounds and smells is the real England. The English landscape is not grand or awe-inspiring as is the mountain scenery in India. But for giving sheer delight to the eye there is no place like the English countryside.

For miles round fields rise and fall in ripples of the greenest grass. They are separated one from another by tall hedges behind which graze sheep and cattle that add a touch of colour and life to the peaceful scene. In the hedgerows birds have built their nests and sing their songs. The profusion of wild flowers is indescribable, and the keenness of the mingled scents moves even the dullest visitor to the country.

Small villages lie dotted over the landscape like landmarks. Small plantations of timber, called 'woods,' preserved from the most ancient times, provide natural gardens in addition to the one every cottager possesses in the land attached to his cottage. The cottages are built mostly of stone with sloping roofs and tall chimneys. Green creepers climb up the walls and round the windows.

In the middle is the entrance to the house, and on the door a bell or knocker to inform the inmates of those who have come on a visit. Even the poorest villager makes some effort at furnishing his cottage. There is always a picture or two on the walls, however common it may be. There is always a bit of carpet on the floor kept very clean. There is something near the fireplace to add to its ornaments, little brass, stone, or china pieces to remind them of the by-gone days, little souvenirs of happy times. The kitchen is at the back, and the bed-rooms on the first floor. Most cottages will have a nursery, or a children's room, memories of which have given to English literature many delightful essays and poems.

Such on a larger or a smaller scale were the homes of the English throughout the country at one time. But now large towns with their big industries and works have cut up the country into ugly bits. Little Londons have sprung up here, there, and everywhere. But the Englishman has not lost his love of the country, and his love of the sea that is his strength and his joy. He lives in the city all the year round, perhaps in a miserable dark house, but he is looking forward all the time to his annual holiday.

The Englishman must have his holiday. His hours of work are fixed by law, and he gives his employer the best that there is in him during those hours. But when the time is up, he is a free man. He must have his Sunday, and another half-day

in the week. What he does on these days is his own affair. He spends it in his garden or in his club, or among his cronies smoking his pipe. If he can afford it, he takes his small suit-case and goes away to that little bit of country which is his England above all. But it is his day—the day on which he must forget his work so that he may go back to it with greater zest.

But the great holiday season comes in summer. Then for a month or two there is no room to be had in railway trains, or motor buses. In seaside towns and villages, in places with advantages of climate or natural scenery, a room is sometimes not to be had for love or money. Families with tons of baggage move away from home to have their annual holiday of a fortnight each. The housewife saves all the year round so that she may indulge in a little extravagance during these fifteen days. The head of the family toils all the year round that he may take his wife and children to the place they fancy most. For weeks before the sacred day is to come, discussions go on round the dining table fixing the place for this important event. Brighton or Bournemouth, Eastbourne or Scarborough, Blackpool or Weston demand the casting vote according to their location on the map.

A seaside scene on a holiday is not easily forgotten by a stranger. Old men and women lying on the sunny beach in deck chairs, snoring away for all they are worth; children collecting pebbles, making mud pies or castles of sand, shrieking for



all they are worth; young men and women in their best dresses talking to each other in the cool shade of a pier, or sauntering along a promenade feeling happy and irresponsible.

The rich seek their holiday pleasures abroad; a fortnight of the commonplaces of the English seaside is not enough for them. The south of France is now the Holiday Land of Europe and America. The fashionable go and find their *peace* there in never-ending excitement of one kind or another.

But the poor, and the old-fashioned Englishman is content to have his holiday at home. He loves his country, and the ways of his countrymen much too well to be gadding about with "them foreigners."

## 7. THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

An Englishman loves his country: loves her sincerely, intensely and quietly, without making a show of his feelings. His past history, and his ideals of life all show it; his love of freedom is the best proof of his patriotism. The slightest suspicion of any danger threatening the motherland makes every Englishman angry; he is ever jealous and ever watchful of her honour and her safety.

But his love of England is tempered by an equally ardent love of the sea: the safety of England and the freedom of the seas mean the same thing to an Englishman. Any attempt to restrict the movement of ships on God's highways of water makes the Englishman anxious—and indignant too. Because his love of fairplay demands that all nations of the world should have a chance to develop their resources as he himself has developed his.

The Englishman of to-day comes of a race—the ancient Anglo-Saxon peoples, who made the sea their home. They came to Great Britain to colonise it, and to establish there a settlement fit for their own people to live in. They showed a spirit of adventure, and a capacity to organise life in a new country to suit their own ideals of life.

This spirit of adventure and capacity to organise have been shown again and again by their descendants—they are stronger to-day, after centuries of peaceful progress, than they were among those primitive and warlike Anglo-Saxons.

During the last twelve centuries millions of Englishmen have gone to sea. They have risked the rough life and dangers of a life which leaves the safety and comforts of the shore far behind. What is surprising to stay-at-home people is the Englishman's preference for this rough life over any other. He not only loves the sea, he thrives on it. When he is sick or sorry, he takes a voyage. It is nature's best cure for him. It gives him new life, new hope.

His great Empire is founded on his love of the sea. This Empire, now better known as the British Commonwealth of Nations, extends all over the world. The sun never sets on it. It is the largest Empire the world has ever known. Other great Empires of the world have been those of the Romans, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Mongols, and in recent times those of the Spaniards, and the Russians. It is by far the biggest of them all; seven times as large as the Roman Empire, and three times as large as any other except the Empire of the Czars of Russia which was half the size of the British Commonwealth.

It may give us an idea of its enormous size to know that it covers a quarter of the total land

area of the world; it is three times as large as the Continent of Europe; it is twice as big as South America. And, by contrast, it is a hundred times bigger than the United Kingdom, the home of the people who rule and unite it into one.

But geographical extent is not a test of its importance or greatness. Its importance and its greatness lie in the forces which unite it to-day into the most powerful and progressive peoples of the world. The inhabitants of this world within the world are white, black, brown and yellow. They live in all climates from the freezing winter of the north of Canada to the burning sands of the tropics in Africa. They possess all varieties of cultures from the most ancient in India and Egypt to the most modern in Americanised Canada. The influence of these peoples and their cultures on one another is the chief good that will result from the coming together of these scattered nations under the common influence of the Crown of England.

The unity of this Empire was tested and proved during the Great War of 1914—1918. When the enemies of Great Britain had hoped for a breaking up of her Empire into rebellious or indifferent fragments, she was preparing to strike a united blow of irresistible force. Soldiers from all over the Empire stood side by side and fought to the death as comrades. Every part of the Empire yielded its share of men and money.

England has realized the importance of her

great Empire. She is anxious to give the peoples, that form it, the same freedom as she herself enjoys. It will take time, but it will come about. In course of time it will truly be the greatest Commonwealth of Nations—the biggest family of free peoples living together in scattered parts of the world.

But, however united in thought and ideals these peoples may be, they cannot live together without means of rapid communication. During the last fifty years these means have multiplied and have become almost perfect. The sea which founded the Empire also unites it. Modern ships move rapidly. It takes only sixteen days to go from India to England; and only a week more from Australia. The sea which carries ships on its surface, carries enormous cables below the surface for news to be flashed from station to station. Submarine telegraphy makes it possible for England to get in touch with any of her possessions within an hour or so.

But air, and not water, is our means of communication for the future. We have wireless telegraphy now. We do not want the heavy, expensive cable under the sea. In a few years more London will flash her news to all the Empire at once. It will be broadcast and listened to by all. Aeroplanes will replace steam ships, the wireless will replace the cable. It is possible now to go from Karachi to London by air. It takes only five days. It may take less in another ten years.

The future of mankind is lost in brilliant hope.  
Our conquest of nature is sure to lead us to a  
control of the resources of the earth which no one  
can foresee.

## 8. "OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

That is the name by which Rudyard Kipling, the great English poet, has called Canada. It is one of the biggest and most important parts of the Empire. The growth of Canada during the last fifty years or so, has been so rapid that a study of it will illustrate the methods by which the British Empire has expanded and united itself. We cannot give you the whole history of Canada, or of any other part of the British Empire; but we shall give you interesting peeps into many lands. If you like any of them, you can study the country of your choice in greater detail.

In the middle of the last century, the country now known as the Dominion of Canada was a group of scattered British possessions. They were separated by long distances, difficult mountain passes or thick forests. The difficulties of the climate in many parts of Canada—they have a very severe winter for seven months of the year—added to the difficulties of moving about. But the fear of Canada's great neighbour, the United States of America, kept these outlying parts together. The important colonies were situated on the shores of the Great Lakes and the banks of the St. Lawrence, (Lower and Upper Canada). Another important group was formed by New Brunswick and

Nova Scotia on the Atlantic Coast. Far away on the distant shores of the Pacific, cut off from this side of the country by the impassable Rockies, British Columbia dwelt alone in solitude.

The process of unification was begun in 1867. A railway, one of the marvels of engineering, was begun to connect all these colonies. This railway called the Canadian Pacific, and completed in 1886, is one of the means that brought about the unity of Canada, and has helped to build up her internal and external trade. More railways have been constructed in recent times to connect the north with the south, and to provide alternative routes to the Canadian Pacific.

These railways have opened up regions unmatched for their resources, for their invigorating climate, and for their natural beauty. Banff, for example, a health resort in the Rockies, provides a holiday home for many Englishmen who go there in search of health during the summer. In Canada even the winter is not uninteresting or unhealthy. It is true that very cold winds blow and the snow falls plentifully. But it seldom rains, the air is dry, and the sun bright. There is excellent sport to be had on the snow-covered ground, and ice hockey is a favourite pastime of the Canadian boy.

But sometimes the dreaded blizzards come. A blizzard is very much like our sandstorm. Loose snow, which has been falling for hours and days, has not had time to set when a wind begins to



blow. It picks up this loose snow from the ground and shifts it about in huge mounds from one place to another. Trails or roads in the snow-covered tracts are lost, animals and men go astray, and die a most fearful death. But the average Canadian knows when to expect trouble. As soon as a blizzard is threatened he takes shelter and waits for it to blow off.

Canada offers unique opportunities to emigrants. The resources of the country have not been developed to anything like their fullest extent. Lands have yet to be brought under cultivation, and forests cleared. Like our own colonies in the Punjab the growth has been rapid, but much remains to be done. Canada demands a very high standard of ability and character from the intending immigrant. There are still big fortunes to be made by those who can adapt themselves to the ways and climate of the country.

The story is told of an English boy who left home to seek a fortune in Canada. He was a farmer's son, with the love of the soil in his blood, and willing to work hard. He was hardly in his teens, but the life of a clerk in London had already given him some knowledge of the ways of the world. He did not much care for the crowded life of the city, and longed to live close to nature, cultivate the soil, and own a farm.

With a few dollars in his pocket he landed in Canada, and, in order to gain some experience of

farming in the country, took employment as a farm-hand. This life of hard work and apprenticeship continued for some years, he laid by a little money and it seemed that the owning of a farm was in sight. But one winter he found himself unemployed. "I have a very vivid recollection," he says, "of some months of unemployment one winter, when no work could be found on the farms—the only time in my life that I have not had work enough and some to spare. It was a helpful experience, if not a pleasant one, for I learned what it feels like to walk the streets of a town, with only 15 cents (about four annas), no friends, and no bed in sight." This lesson so bitterly learned, was never forgotten. But failure did not discourage him. He did not give up his ambition. More years of toil followed till he saved enough to rent a farm which he ultimately bought. This plucky boy was Herbert Greenfield who recently retired from the Premiership of Alberta.

This is only one of the many stories of settlers who with courage and perseverance have "made good." Canada is now the greatest wheat country of the world. Her cattle breeding is on the most scientific lines and during the last ten years her cattle population has been more than doubled. Her timber is valued at millions of dollars per year; and her orchards yield fruits of the finest quality.

The Canadians are a very progressive people. They have the ceaseless activity of the American with the stability and balance of the Anglo-Saxon.

They are very fond of their own country and very jealous of the traditions she has gradually built up. They have a climate that may be severe at times, but it keeps them fit and fond of hard work.

## 9. IN THE WEST INDIES.

A cluster of islands lying off the east coast of the America contains many places of interest to the students of history. These islands were first discovered by Columbus who called them the West Indies. As is well-known, Columbus had set out to discover the sea-route to India, and when—after weeks of a dreary voyage in which all except himself had lost hope—he sighted land, he believed that he had reached islands not far from the Indian mainland. The name still exists to commemorate the glorious mistake of Columbus; for years the inhabitants were called Indians. In the American States, an Indian still means an original native of America while a *Hindustani* is called a Hindu whatever his religion may be.

These islands present scenes of wonderful beauty. The seas, the animals that abound in them, the vegetation on land with all its marvels of rock and valley, present a landscape difficult to match anywhere else. The islands lie apart, and are most of them arranged in a rough semicircle, as a glance at the map will show. They are the result of volcanic action. Scientists believe that at least some of them were connected with the American continent, as trees, vegetation, and animals are so closely alike.

Spain, France, and England fought for the possession of these islands during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of the islands changed hands several times. Many of the famous names in the naval history of England are connected with battles fought in these waters: Nelson and Rodney, Benbow and Hood are only a few out of many.

The total land area of the West Indies is nearly a lakh of square miles; of this about one-eighth form a part of the British Empire. Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica, and the Bahamas are the best known of England's possessions. We shall visit Trinidad first, and meet several of our Hindu countrymen there.

Trinidad is the most prosperous of the West India islands. It enjoys a beautiful climate, equable and bracing practically all the year round. The population, a mixture of whites, blacks, and browns, is very enterprising and hardworking. A good proportion of the inhabitants are either Indians or descendants of Indians. But so freely have the various nationalities intermarried that it is very difficult to say whether a person is Chinese, Indian, African, or even European.

The principal city of the island is Port of Spain—a name that reminds one of the days when it formed a part of the Spanish Empire in the west. The first thing that strikes a visitor to this beautiful city of parks and gardens is the large number of big black birds—they are or used to be the

sweepers of this city. These crows clear the suburbs of the city of its filth, which the careless citizen generally throws into the streets. Before the modern and up-to-date methods of public sanitation were introduced, the cleanliness of the city was left entirely to these birds. It is still a crime to kill any of them, for they are still very useful in keeping the outlying parts of the town more or less clean.

Port of Spain is a prosperous commercial town with broad roads, magnificent public and private buildings, trains, and electricity. The well-to-do sections of the community lead the life of the west very much like their more fortunate brothers anywhere else. They work hard during the day to earn what they can spend in their leisure.

The Queen's Park, perhaps the best of its kind, has the interest of having been laid out on the Indian model. It is 120 acres in extent, and cost £45,000. A part of it is set apart for the Governor's residence, on the lawns of which stands a huge silk-cotton-tree considered to be the finest of its kind. It has a trunk 20 feet thick, with massive spurs. When the sun shines vertical at mid-day it casts a shadow 150 feet in diameter. The branches of the tree are so huge and extensive that it is a wonder how the trunk can support them. It has beautiful white flowers which change from white to red, as they ripen. Like the peepal in India this tree is held sacred by the negroes. They would not in any circumstances cut one of

these trees down; for they believe that any one who does so will die even before the tree has had time to wither.

As the name of the tree tells us, it produces a soft silky fibre which is contained in pods very much bigger than those of cotton. But the fibre cannot be spun into yarn, as other kinds of cotton can be, because it is too short, and smooth, and soft. It is used only for stuffing mattresses, pillows, cushions, and the like. The wood of the tree is strangely enough very soft and spongy. It is used mostly in the construction of canoes and other light boats.

But the most remarkable feature not only of the Queen's Park, but of all the gardens and wild growth anywhere in these islands, is the beauty of the colour of creepers and plants, ferns and mosses that grow on the great trees. Huge masses of these parasites hang from the branches of the big trees, or grow on their trunks. Nowhere is this luxuriance of vegetation seen to such advantage as at the Blue Basin, a famous waterfall near the city. The water falls only from a height of sixty feet, but the delicate blue tint of the water against the rich and varied colours of the vegetation all round makes it a truly wonderful sight.

On the way to this waterfall lies the Indian village of Woodbrook which is hardly different from any other small village in India. It has its own temple and priest, its own *bania* who lends money and supplies all its requirements to the

village—everything from cloth required for a daughter's marriage to the vegetables and *dal* for the next meal. This is how a visitor describes the table in his shop—the table being the indispensable *takhtposh* of our village shops. "On one such table were displayed a strange medley of commodities, including sweet potatoes, red herrings, garlic, saffron, yams, tin spoons, dolls, sweets, matches, bananas, kerosene oil, mangoes, tobacco, clay pipes, knives, figs, plantains, etc. No attempt had been made to arrange the things according to class."

But by far the most striking place for a visitor to the island is the wonderful Pitch Lake in the village of La Brea on the sea coast. This lake is circular in form with a circumference of about three miles. The lake provides the island with a considerable revenue. Thousands of tons of asphalt are removed from the lake yearly. The great heat and pressure from the bowels of the earth forces new pitch to take the place of the old as fast as it is removed. In the centre of the lake bubbles may be seen rising; it is pitch in a half liquid, half solid state. With a little care one can walk on the surface of the lake: if you put your finger in you may withdraw it without soiling your hand. This is because a certain amount of gravel is mixed with the pitch.

The lake is worked by negro labour. One man removes large lumps of pitch with a pick, as you may have seen the coolies do along a railway line, puts them in a basket which is carried on the



head by another coolie. The lake is connected by a tiny railway with the port, Brighton, a mile away. Huge ship-loads of the pitch are sent to the United States where they are used for paving streets, and coating roofs, as also for the manufacture of black varnish.

There is little or no reduction in the lake which has fallen only 14 feet during the past fifty years. It is estimated that the supply will last another four hundred years. As it yields an annual income of £40,000 in royalties and export duties, we can see what enormous wealth is contained in the gravel, pitch, and oil that come out of this wonderful lake.

It is a tradition among the negroes that the lake has risen over the site of an ancient Indian village. The villagers attracted by the pine-apples, which grew very freely there, settled down on the site and were soon prosperous. But the Indians were worried by a superstition about the beautiful humming-birds in these pine-apple groves. Thinking them to be possessed by the spirits of the dead, they killed the innocent birds. This cruelty of the villagers was punished by the destruction of their village in a single night, and the next morning nothing but the pitch lake was seen on the spot.

Another very profitable industry of the island is the production of cocoa. As the whole process of the raising and making of cocoa is very interesting, we shall speak of it in a chapter by itself.

## 10. ON A COCOA PLANTATION.

Chocolate or cocoa which many of you might have tasted is grown in many places in the world, besides on the island of Trinidad. A great deal comes from South America, that coming from Venezuela being very well-known.

Perhaps you have never bothered to know where it comes from and how it is grown. We shall take you to visit a cocoa plantation and if you know the life in our tea gardens you will find many points of resemblance.

The plantation we are going to see lies in a very beautiful island in the West Indies, called Grenada. As we have already told you the West Indies are all very beautiful islands and in the old days England and France were often fighting who should possess them. Many of the islands changed hands several times and Grenada was one of these. Though it is now English, the French held it for a long time. That is why the negroes who live in the island speak a curious kind of broken French. These negroes are the descendants of the slaves, who were brought to the West Indies many years ago from Africa to work in the plantations. The climate is hot and Europeans cannot work out of doors. The original inhabitants, who were called

Caribs, all died out and so the negroes were brought in to take their place.

For many years they were slaves but about 100 years ago they were all made free. It is so long since their ancestors came from Africa that they have forgotten their own language and they speak either French or English to-day.

The Slave Trade, as it was called, began in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and lasted until the beginning of the 19th century. It was a cruel trade and the poor negroes endured terrible hardships on the voyage. They were closely packed together in the slave ship, were beaten and half starved. Many of them died on the voyage, and those who survived reached the West Indies in a wretched condition. At last some kind-hearted men in England resolved to put an end to this trade. And so, in 1807, an Act was passed stopping any more slaves being carried to the English colonies. Other nations followed England's example and so the trade came to an end. But the slaves who were already in the West Indies did not get their freedom. It was not until 1833 that slavery was abolished in the British Empire. A large sum of money was paid as compensation to the slave owners and, on January 1st, 1834, all slaves became free. They had to stay and work for their old masters for four years more, but at the end of that time they were free to go where they liked. Most of them took the name of their masters when they were set free, and that is why in a West Indian

village to-day you will find a number of families bearing the same name.

The cocoa plantation is a very beautiful place. The trees on which the cocoa pods grow are not very high. The cocoa pods grow out on short stalks all over the tree. They are hard and reddish green in colour, about the size of a long melon. To-day the pods are ripe and the negroes are busy plucking them from the trees and taking them to the factory. We will go with them.

When the pods arrive at the factory they are split open with a sharp knife. They are very hard, but in the centre is a soft mass in which the cocoa beans are embedded.

All the soft matter with the bean in it is collected together and put into a small grass hut in the sun. This hut is shut up and soon gets very hot inside, as it has no doors or windows.

This heat causes the soft matter to melt and rot away, leaving the beans behind. The beans are covered with a husk and this is now broken open and the beans are placed in the sun to dry. When they are dry they are packed in bags and sent off to be prepared for our use. We are still a long way from the chocolate that we eat. Chocolate is sweet and smells nice, but the new beans have a very bad smell indeed. So bad is the smell that a ship which carries the beans smells strongly also. The smell is due to the oil with which the beans are filled. The next step is to extract the oil by pressure. The oil is valuable and

can be used for many purposes. When the oil has been extracted the beans are ground up into powder and flavoured to make them taste nice. And so we get the chocolate that we eat to-day. Chocolate itself is cocoa powder which has been refined many times till practically all the oil is taken out of it. It has not much flavour of its own, but vanilla and other flavouring matters are added to it together with a quantity of sugar. So much sugar is used in its manufacture that during the Great War its manufacture in England had to be restricted, as the sugar was wanted for more important purposes. The hours during which chocolate could be sold in public were also cut down, and it is only quite recently that this restriction has been removed.

## II. THE DEAD CITY.

The West Indies are very beautiful islands, but they are liable to two great dangers—terrible storms, called hurricanes, and volcanic eruptions.

On the coast of the island of Martinique, which belongs to the French, lies a pile of ruins, dead and deserted. This is all that is left of the once flourishing town of St. Pierre, the capital of the island.

Early in the year 1902 the inhabitants of St. Pierre, which was a very gay and beautiful city, began to be rather frightened. Behind the town is a volcano called Mt. Pelee which for many years had been quiet. But now this volcano began to show signs of activity, smoke and ashes began to come out of the top. Many people wished to go away but the authorities told them that there was no danger, and that, if an eruption did take place, the burning lava and other dangerous things would fall clear of the town. And so the people went on living their ordinary lives, when suddenly a dreadful disaster occurred.

It was about 7 a.m. on a bright morning in May when people were just beginning the day's work. Suddenly a huge hole appeared in the side of the mountain and a great stream of burning mud and poisonous gases rushed down upon the doom-

ed city. It was so sudden that no one had time to get away. In a few minutes 40,000 people were all destroyed.

Mercifully they died at once as the gases suffocated them all, and so they did not suffer any pain, but were killed where they stood. One man was found with one foot in his carriage and the other on the ground—killed just as he was stepping out. Great fires sprang up and spread to the ships in the harbour which were all destroyed except one. This ship had only just come into the harbour and so managed to escape. But she was covered with ashes and badly damaged. The heat was so terrible that the skin was burnt off the feet of the sailors on the iron deck and many were killed. When the ship returned to St. Lucia, the island from which she had come, the survivors had been so badly burnt that people did not recognize them.

Ships were at once sent to the rescue, and parties of sailors were landed to see if they could save any one.

When one party landed they heard cries for help from an underground chamber and they rescued the only man who had escaped the eruption. This man was a malefactor who had been condemned to death and had been put in a cell underground until his execution. This saved his life and, after what he had gone through, he was allowed to go free.

Martinique was not the only island affected. In the neighbouring British island of St. Vincent

there was also a volcano which had been quiet for many years. This too burst into violent eruption and did much damage. The loss of life was not so great as at St. Pierre but the damage was very heavy. The part of the island in which the volcano lay was fertile and was covered with arrowroot plantations, for which St. Vincent was famous. Most of these plantations were completely destroyed and were buried under many feet of mud and ashes.

The huge clouds of dirt from this eruption spread many miles. Ninety miles away is another British island, Barbados, and the dust actually reached as far as that island, and did much damage. It was a bright, sunny morning in Barbados when suddenly a huge black cloud appeared. Then it grew as dark as night and everybody was very frightened. The negroes thought the end of the world had come and rushed shrieking about the streets. Then the dust began to fall, like a dust-storm in the Punjab, only with no wind. The dust fell all day until at last in the evening it ceased. But great damage had been done to the cotton and sugar crops which are the chief product of the island.

Earthquakes and hurricanes occur quite frequently and are very destructive. In some cases, as in Jamaica, the prosperity of some islands has been checked by these natural forces of destruction. At the close of the seventeenth century, for example, the chief town of the island was



completely destroyed in a few seconds ! The land rose and fell like the waves of the sea; houses tumbled down like the proverbial house of cards; the sea was lashed into fury, waves dashed on the city carrying ships with them—a small ship was hurled over the roofs of several houses and landed high and dry. Whole streets with the people unable to escape were swallowed up by the earth, which, closing upon them, squeezed them to death. Several were left with their heads above the earth; others were covered with dust and earth. A most extraordinary incident was that a man named Lewis Goldy was first swallowed up by an opening in the earth and then, with another shock of the earthquake, he was thrown out of the earth into the sea. He was later rescued by sailors and lived for many years afterwards, never tired of repeating the story of this living burial and miraculous escape.

These earthquakes are frequent though not always so destructive. In 1907, however, occurred one that very nearly completely destroyed Kingston, the capital of Jamaica. Timely assistance was rendered by an American ship and many lives were saved.

Hurricanes are even more frequent and more destructive. The hurricane of 1903 cost Jamaica £2,500,000. The "hurricane months" are from early autumn to early winter. The rain falls in torrents after the hurricane is past. These furious storms that move at tremendous speeds, rise all

of a sudden, without warning. They sweep everything before them. They are often accompanied by fierce thunder and lightning that strike terror into the hearts of people huddled together in the "hurricane wings" of their houses. In most of the old sugar plantation houses in the West Indies is to be found what is called a hurricane room. This is a room with very thick walls and partially underground so that the inmates of the house may take refuge in it when a hurricane comes. On the sea these hurricanes appear as water-spouts. A water-spout at sea is like a huge whirlwind on land. A great mass of thick black cloud tapers down to the sea in the form of a funnel; it connects the sea and the sky by a huge column of water moving and revolving at an enormous speed. Sometimes several of these water-spouts can be seen moving side by side, others in a perpendicular or in an oblique direction according to the fury of the wind that accompanies them. The water of the sea is sucked up into the water-spout, and where the two join, the sea seems to be boiling or leaping up.

The water-spouts occur usually when winds at different regions meet in the upper parts of the atmosphere. Sometimes the two parts of a water-spout, the upper and the lower, move at different speeds: the water spout breaks into two with a loud report as of a hundred cannon. The vapour is gradually absorbed in the air, while the water taken up from the sea is returned to it in the form of a torrent of rain. One who has ever seen this curious phenomenon is not likely to forget it.

## 12. A TYPHOON.

The West Indies are not the only regions exposed to the fury of these storms.

If we look at a map of the world we shall see that not far from the coast of China is a large group of islands called the Philippines. These islands now belong to the United States; once they belonged to Spain. It is off the western shore of these islands that another type of terrible storms is formed which do so much damage to the coasts of China and Japan. These storms are called typhoons from the Chinese which means big wind. And very big winds they are.

If we want to understand what a typhoon is let us take a basin of water, stir it round rapidly with a stick and at the same time move the basin along. The water in the basin moving round in a circle represents the typhoon. The typhoon moves along just with the basin waves, and its speed varies. Sometimes one typhoon moves faster than another.

In the Philippines there is an observatory where they are constantly on the watch for typhoons. By means of their instruments they can tell when one forms, how big it is, and in what direction it is moving. News of this is sent by

telegram to China and Japan and the people there are put on their guard. There are observatories there also and so a close watch is kept. If the typhoon is found to be coming near, a warning is sent out. Ships in harbour go out to the open sea or into a place of safety. Small boats are taken into shelter. Windows and doors are closed up with special bars and everything is made ready.

Then the typhoon comes. The wind begins to blow in pugs in all directions. Then it gets stronger and stronger and begins to make a terrible noise like a shriek. Even indoors it is sometimes necessary to shout to make oneself heard. Most people are indoors; but if you are out of doors you will probably have to go on upon hands and knees. If you stand up you may be blown into the sea and drowned. Much damage may be done. If the wind gets into a building it will probably blow the roof off or tear out the windows. This is why special bars are used. After a time the typhoon has spent its force, the wind drops and it is possible to go about again. Soon all is calm and fine.

The watch that is kept for typhoons is so good that there is usually plenty of time to prepare for them. But sometimes people are caught unprepared. In 1906 the island of Hong Kong—a small island on the coast of China which belongs to England and which has a very fine harbour—was visited by a terrible typhoon which came in the early morning without any warning and before any precautions could be taken. Before any of the

ships or boats could get into shelter the typhoon was upon them and it blew with great violence for an hour and a half. When the typhoon passed away there was a sad scene of desolation. Many of the big ships had been driven upon the shore or upon the rocks in the harbour. The plight of the poor people in the boats was still worse. Many of them spent their whole lives on their boats and had their wives and children in them. All these were swept away and were never seen again. More than 10,000 people had perished in the great storm. The whole harbour was littered with wreckage and dead animals; after two days the bodies of the poor people who had been drowned began to come to the surface—swollen and discoloured. It was a terrible sight and every one had to help in disposing of them at once to prevent an outbreak of sickness. It was many months before the harbour was restored to a proper state.

The typhoon season lasts from April to September and they do not usually occur at other times though they have been known as late as November. On the other side of the world, in the West Indies, similar storms occur at the same season of the year. They are known as hurricanes. They form in the Gulf of Guinea on the West Coast of Africa, just in the same manner that the typhoons are formed off the Philippines. The frequency of both is uncertain. In one year four or five may occur while a whole year may pass without an alarm at all, though this is not common.

### 13. IN CHINESE WATERS.

The British Empire does not possess much territory in the waters that lie between India and North America. But the few positions of importance that belong to her are of the greatest strategic value.

Among these the most important is Hong Kong, a small island and the key to Chinese waters. It is situated at the mouth of the Canton River, and has been in British possession since 1841. Its growth since then is a rare example of the commercial genius and colonising spirit of the British.

Apart from its naval importance Hong Kong exists as a very big trading centre. It is a big *mandi* where all European goods meant for the Far Eastern countries arrive, and are exchanged for Eastern goods meant for the European markets. English merchants collect and forward goods to and from all parts of the Empire. Ships with cargoes of flour, sugar, rice, silk, hemp, cotton and cotton goods, hides, tins, petroleum and other oils, coal, fish, tea, condensed milk, opium, wines, matches, cement, and other goods, too miscellaneous to detail, may be seen in the waters and warehouses of Hong Kong any day of the week.

When Hong Kong was taken over by the British in 1841 it had a population of 2,000 to an area of 29 square miles. The mercantile genius of its new masters saw its wonderful position facing a great river and a great harbour. They built on this rocky islet, which possesses one of the biggest harbours of the world, the city of Victoria, which has to-day a population of over 370,000. Its waters are sheltered so securely from vagaries of the Chinese seas that the biggest ships can sail about day and night without troubling about the tides.

It is a centre for big banking concerns, and passenger steamship companies. It is a seat of industry on modern lines with spinning and weaving mills, sugar refineries, paper mills, rope works, cement works, and shipbuilding yards. The total movement of ships in its waters was nearly 40 million tons in 1920, (and must be much more to-day) placing it in the front rank of the ports of the world, before London, New York, and Liverpool.

Hong Kong is an epitome of the British Empire. From the meanest hut to the biggest bank, all buildings and their inhabitants show the influence of the British. English and Parsee merchants control the commercial and banking interests. Shipping is entirely in British hands. Most of the labour is Chinese but is controlled by Indians or Englishmen. Hotels, tramways, motor roads, telegraphs, telephones, and all other conveniences so essential to modern trade owe their

development to English capital and enterprise.

It has been said that London and Hong Kong are the two examples of the genius of the British race in commerce. They establish its superiority over all other commercial nations of the world.



#### 14. A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

Off the coast of China lies the island of Formosa. It is a very beautiful island—as its name Formosa (the beautiful) implies. The island used to belong to China but, some 30 years ago, there was a war between China and Japan and the Chinese were obliged to give up the island to the Japanese to whom it still belongs. The Japanese have done much more to develop the island than the Chinese had ever done. They built a railway from north to south and largely rebuilt the capital, Taipeh, erecting many fine new Government buildings.

A range of lofty mountains runs down the middle of the island and divides it into two distinct parts. The western part is flat and fertile, the eastern is mountainous and is covered with dense forests.

The western part produces the two things from which the wealth of the island is derived—tea and camphor. The Formosa tea is of a very high class and is much in demand in Europe and America. Every year there is keen competition between the different steamship lines as to which of these ships shall be the first to deliver its cargo of tea.

The camphor which is obtained from the gum

of the camphor tree is a very valuable product and its manufacture is a Government monopoly—the Japanese Government deriving a large revenue from it. Camphor is used all over the world as a medicine and as a preservative for many other purposes; and there is always a large demand for it.

This part of the island also contains valuable hot springs of iron and sulphur which are very good for curing fever and are much visited by people from China and other neighbouring places.

The eastern side of the island is very different, and it is almost impossible to penetrate into it either by land or sea, for the coast is composed of some of the highest cliffs in the world—some of them rising to a height of 7,000 feet.

And the people who inhabit this wild region are not anxious to see strangers. They are wild aborigines and are known as the Head Hunters. They have been given this name because they are always fighting and killing each other. Before each man's hut is a heap of the heads of his enemies. The bigger the heap the bigger the reputation of the owner of the hut. No youth is considered a man unless he has at least one head and is not permitted to marry unless he has a certain number. The wild aborigines of Borneo, who are called Dyaks, and to whom those of Formosa are probably akin, also practise head hunting.

In the old Chinese days missionaries visited

these people and were kindly received by them. But since the Japanese have occupied Formosa there has been war between them and these wild people. At first the Japanese tried to conquer the whole country, but they found this impossible, as the forests were so thick. So they have put a line of guard posts round the edge to prevent any of the Head Hunters breaking out. Some of those who live near these posts occasionally come to them to trade. Sometimes the Japanese send a force into the country to punish the Head Hunters. But it is difficult work.

Once a Japanese officer was leading a small force of 100 men through the dense forest. They went along in single file. When they reached a clear space, their officer counted them. Twenty were missing. He led his men back at once and they found the twenty bodies lying in the jungle without their heads. They had been shot by the Head Hunters with their poisoned arrows, and so thick was the jungle that none of the other soldiers had seen their comrades fall.

Many years ago the island of Formosa was connected with a famous swindle. In those days people did not travel so much as they do now and books of travel were not so common.

And so, when a history of Formosa was published, people read it and said it was very interesting. The book was a complete description of the island, its history and its people, and appeared to be perfectly genuine. But some years afterwards,

when real travellers began to visit the island, it was discovered that the whole book was an invention and that the author had never been to Formosa at all.

He had deceived everyone and made a considerable profit out of it.

## 15. A VISIT TO CANTON.

### A CHINESE EXAMINATION ROOM.

All of us have some time or other sat in an examination room. To-day we will pay a visit to one in China, which is somewhat different from anything we have yet seen. This one is in Canton, the great commercial city of South China, though, if we visited the capitals of the other provinces of China, we should find similar places there too.

Before we go and look at it let us say something about these examinations in China, as they were in the old days, because to-day everything has been changed.

In those days the great ambition of everyone was to get into Government service and this could only be done by passing an examination. Anyone who chose could go in for the examination except two classes of people—the barbers and the boat people—who were considered as a sort of depressed class.

When the time for the examination came and the candidates assembled, they did not all sit in one room. Each candidate was given a little cubicle to himself and when he went into it he was locked in until he had finished his work. The examination consisted of an essay on some subject connected with the great Chinese writers. All these little

cubicles were grouped round a central platform upon which the Superintendent sat, and from this platform he could see every cubicle. Hence it was impossible to cheat or copy from any one else.

When the result was made known there was great excitement. The people of the different places from which the candidates came took a great interest in them. If you visit any village in China you will probably see, outside the village temple, one or more ornamental wooden pillars. These were put up to commemorate the success of some member of that village in the public examinations. There were three classes—corresponding to our B.A., M.A., and Doctor. If a man passed as a Doctor it was considered a very great honour indeed. He was given a personal audience by the Emperor and was almost certain of a very good appointment. Those who passed lowest were given military appointments, for the Chinese, unlike other people, instead of regarding a military officer holding a highly honourable post, thought him only a fool who was too stupid to do anything useful and had therefore better be sent to the army.

Considering all this trouble, the Chinese officials in the old days were paid very badly. Even the Viceroy of a province only got about Rs. 300 a month and was expected to make the rest out of the taxation of his province.

## THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Another very interesting place in Canton is the City of the Dead. Whenever a Chinaman dies his great desire is to be buried in his native place among his own people. Hence the bodies of Chinamen are constantly being brought back to China from all parts of the world to be buried in their native land. But when the body has been brought back to China it can only be buried in a proper place—in South China it must be on a slope and if possible facing running water and on a proper day—the latter being fixed by the astrologer. Hence a body may have to wait many days, and even years, before a suitable place or day can be found.

This is the reason for the City of the Dead. The bodies are left there until they can be properly buried. The City consists of hundreds of little houses in which the coffins are deposited. They are of all classes and while some of the coffins of the rich are richly carved and ornamented, others, belonging to the poorer classes, are quite plain. But, whether rich or poor, they are all waiting there, and some of them have been there for years until they can be taken away.

### THE TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS.

There are many fine temples in Canton and one of the most interesting is the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods. When we enter it, we find that it is very dark but after a time our eyes become accustomed to the light and we can see what is inside. The 500 gods are ranged along the walls in long lines. They are all covered with gilt and many of them remind us of the gods that we see in India. In front of each is a little pot of sand in which the worshippers place sticks of incense, when they visit the Temple.

We notice that all the gods are bareheaded except one, and he has a hat on. This one is not a god at all. It is the image of a famous European traveller, Marco Polo, who visited China many years ago and wrote an account of his travels. Nobody knows why his statue was put there, but there he is, the old European traveller, among the 500 Chinese gods.



## 16. THE BUSHMAN AND HIS COUNTRY.

For more years than we can count, a race of very primitive people has lived in South Africa. When the white man first saw them he called them Bushmen, for they had no houses other than 'bushes' to live in. They are very small in size; their faces are of a peculiar yellow-brown colour; their backs are hollow, as if they have only just learned to walk erect; and their skin hangs so loose that they all seem old and wrinkled, as in times of famine. Their faces are broad in a line with their eyes; their cheeks are hollow, their lips are thick, and their noses as flat as you can imagine. They are very slow to learn, do not like wearing any clothes, and the civilization of to-day seems to affect them but little.

When the Europeans first saw them the Bushmen lived a very low type of existence. They had no domestic animals but the dog. They did not cultivate land and raised no crops. They obtained their food by hunting wild animals with arrows poisoned at the tip with a deadly herb. They also ate wild plants, honey, locusts, and even the flesh of dead animals.

They lived in a country that was infested by lions and other wild animals. Herds of giraffes, beautiful in colour and form, roamed about every-

where. The wild buffalo, more fierce than the type in our country, was a real danger to man. Herds of huge elephants, with bigger tusks and ears than our elephants, were more numerous than even the giraffes. There were millions of ostriches, millions of sable antelopes, elands, bushbuck, waterbuck, zebras, and quaggas, and of a variety of animals which make Africa still a land of wonder for the big game hunter and the naturalist.

Birds, snakes, and lizards were as numerous as ants. Flies were a real danger to man then as now. It is a proved fact that several generations of men in South Africa were destroyed by disease due to flies. The primitive man protected himself against this danger by building huts where no light or air could enter.

But the Bushman was not allowed to live in this ancient home of his undisturbed. Some centuries before the Europeans went to South Africa, another race of man, more advanced than the Bushman, captured the pleasanter parts of the country. This body of people is now known to us as Hottentots.

These people had come to the South from the region of the Great Lakes. They had moved with their cattle and sheep to the coast of the Atlantic first and then south all along the sea-coast where good pasture could be obtained all the year round. They retained their fondness for the coast, and with their superior skill and greater endurance pushed the lazy and idle Bushmen into the interior

of South Africa.

In face and form the Hottentots are not very different from the Bushmen. But the few physical differences—with the great difference in the characters of the two peoples—make them out to be a different race. Probably they came in small numbers, married Bushman girls, and thus produced a new stock. We know that the two peoples were constantly at war, that the Hottentots were generally victorious, and carried away the woman-folk of the enemy as prizes of war.

The Hottentots lived in small communities along the sea-coast. Whereas the Bushmen knew no government; the Hottentots lived under chiefs who exercised great authority over their tribes. But a chief was liable to lose his authority and position, if he acted against the customs and wishes of his tribe.

They lived an open-air life; the milk of the cattle they kept was their principal food, though they hunted as well. But they did not possess the craft or keen vision of the Bushman whose arrow never missed its deadly aim.

But even the Hottentot was not allowed to establish himself in this land of plenty. Yet another branch of the human family was beginning to pour into South Africa—this time from the eastern coast. These peoples were a part of the great Bantu family which occupied the whole of Central Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean. The more adventurous of their families,

crowded out of their ancient home, set out to find a new home for themselves. Superior to the Hottentot in every way, they had no difficulty in driving him out of pleasant mountain valleys and fertile lands. The Bantu, unlike the Bushman and the Hottentot, was an agriculturist, though he added to the homely joy of tilling the soil the excitement of chase and war. The Bantus established themselves all along the eastern coast right down to the mouth of the Fish River, a little above the Cape of Good Hope.

These three classes of people lived, and would have continued to live their free and primitive lives as happily as the civilized man does in South Africa to-day. No doubt their pleasures were of a lower kind, and their view of life very narrow. But given freedom from disease, and a slain antelope, there could be no man merrier than a Bushman. A Hottentot village bathed in the clear moonlight of Africa, with men, women and children, dancing to the beat of a drum, has charmed the heart of many a European visitor by its air of simple enjoyment of life after the day's troubles and toil are over. The sum total of human happiness remains always the same perhaps, but it is for a higher kind of joy that we should strive.

## 17. THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The South African Coast was discovered accidentally by a Portuguese sailor who was on a voyage of discovery to India. In 1486 two small sailing ships under the command of one Diaz left Portugal to find an ocean road to India. After he had passed the southernmost point of Africa then known, he sailed onward keeping the land always in sight. He came to a shallow inlet where he cast anchor and landed his crew. The country all round was a sandy waste. There were no signs of human habitation, and there was nothing to eat except the eggs of sea birds.

Diaz soon left this very unpromising country and sailed on, intending to keep close to the coast. But soon a storm sprang up from the north and for thirteen days he was driven helplessly before it. At the end of the storm he sailed east hoping to sight land, but when for days no lands came in sight, he rightly thought that he must have passed the end of the Continent. He changed his course again till he put into another inlet not now definitely known. He put up a cross, and sailed away again as no fresh water or food supplies were available. He made another attempt, came to Algoa Bay, and there obtained supplies of water

and food. He met the natives, probably Hottentots, and established friendly relations with them.

Many voyages followed this first success of Diaz. But the Portuguese made no use of their discovery. Nominally they possessed it in the name of the King of Portugal and used various parts of the sea-coast as stations on the sea-route to India which they had discovered soon after the unsuccessful attempt of Diaz. The Cape of Good Hope—first called the Cape of Storms by Diaz—Natal, Table Bay, and many other important parts of the country now became known.

When the command of the Indian Seas was wrested from the Portuguese by the Dutch in the following century, South Africa began to be used more and more as a 'half-way house' on the way to India. It took sometimes six months and even more to perform the dangerous voyage to this country. The crews suffered from scurvy, a terrible skin disease, caused by want of fresh food and vegetables.

The Dutch had no desire to found a colony or settle down in this forbidding land of the savage and the wild beast. They wanted only a calling station and a hospital where their sailors tired of the long and unending voyage could be given a rest. They wanted particularly a place where vegetables could be grown, efficient European nursing obtained, and arrangements made to barter beads and trinkets for cattle and water.

Thus a doctor, Van Reibeek by name, was

commissioned to set sail for the South of Africa to found a settlement and hospital in Table Bay. In 1652 he left Holland with a crew of three hundred men and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope only to find the country suffering a terrible drought caused by a delayed rainy season. Their sufferings were great, because no vegetables or fresh food were to be had anywhere in the neighbourhood. The only human beings they could meet were sixty miserable and starving Hottentots with no cattle or sheep. When the rains did come, there was no place to take shelter in, and their huts of wood and timber leaked in the South African downpour of rain.

After many heroic struggles against difficulties of weather and shortage of food, Reibeek succeeded in building a small village on the site which is now the central part of the great African capital—Cape Town. Natives were attracted from all sides by the kindness and fair dealing of Reibeek. He was not a great or able man, but he was a typical pioneer: kind, just, shrewd, and above all, patient and persevering.

## 18. EARLY AFRICAN SETTLEMENTS.

At least three hundred years before the Europeans came to South Africa, the Arabs had established their connection with East Africa. From Somaliland to Cape Correntes the entire eastern coast was dotted with their trading stations. Some of these stations had grown into capitals of very powerful Arabian States, such as those of Mombasa and Molindi in the north, Zanzibar and Kilwa in the south. From very early times the Arabs had gone to Africa to obtain gold; in the sixth century of the Christian era, there were two important Arab chieftainships established in the Island of Madagascar, and in the Komoro Islands, or "Islands of the Full Moon."

There were also Persian settlements at Lamu, Mombasa, Zanzibar, and Kilwa. They were composed mainly of immigrants from the south of Persia. Their purpose was chiefly commercial; they never attempted to grow into a political state as the Arabs did.

All these Asiatic settlements received great power and strength with the establishment of the Mohammedan religion. The missionary was added to the trader, the zeal of conversion to the desire for wealth. And yet in south-east Africa the Arabs were not able to effect any occupation



of the interior. The Arabs could not overcome the difficulties of the climate. No doubt medical science was most efficiently practised in Arabia at that time, but their knowledge of disease was not advanced far enough to fight against the many diseases of the low-lying tracts of East Africa. Many Arabs died yearly of fevers caused by swarms of flies and mosquitoes.

Besides, the Bantu people, who were the original inhabitants of these parts, were a warlike race. Unlike the rest of the African peoples, they had weapons of defence, and skill in war equal to the civilized Arabs. And the Arabs whose mission was mainly commercial, did not trouble to go into the interior only to find death and disease after hard fighting.

The Arabs, however, might have pushed to the south, or round the Cape to the south-west. The climate is better and, as we have already seen, the natives were mostly Bushmen, or Hottentots. But they did not, as the seas were stormy, and the winds mostly in opposition from the east. Here and there travellers sometimes went out on long and perilous journeys, and brought back accounts of a race of naked savages, incoherent in speech, and dwarfish in stature. They called them Wak-wak. These must have been the Bushmen who live in South Africa to this day.

They also knew and described in their books of travel the big black African negroes who lived to the south and east of their earlier settlements.

As these people were idol-worshippers, and superstitious to the extreme, the Arab Mohammedans called them *Kafirs*. This name was misunderstood by the Portuguese and applied by them as a descriptive name to all the black negroes of Africa. Later on, the Dutch and the English borrowed this name from the Portuguese and to the present day, negroes on the east coast are called by this name.

You have all heard of the famous bird, the Rukh. The Arabian books of travel are full of wonderful accounts of this gigantic bird. But most of these accounts are exaggerated like all travellers' tales. Even the Italian traveller Marco Polo, who is otherwise very sober in his descriptions, goes beyond the limits of credulity in reporting the Arabian accounts of this giant among the birds.

The Rukh is not a fabulous bird, though it is now extinct. The home of the Rukh was in Madagascar. Its scientific name is *Æpyornis*. The Rukh was much bigger than the ostrich; it had wings, but could not fly. Its head had a tall crest of coloured feathers which must have struck the observer with its beauty as the bird ran along the sandy soil with the swiftness of a horse. It laid eggs of such an enormous size that the account given in "Sinbad the Sailor" seems hardly exaggerated.

The Arab explorers also revealed to the world at large Africa's great wealth in gold, ivory, and

timber, but they gave such harrowing accounts of the dangers of African life that people inspite of being attracted by the wealth of this unknown land, made no attempts to reach it. As we have already seen, the discovery of South Africa by European sailors was only by chance. They did not reach the east coast till later. To-day the whole of Africa is practically under European control. The advance of science, the control of disease, and an unyielding conquest of all difficulties, have given to modern men weapons far more powerful than the Arab or Christian of that day possessed.

## 19. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN AFRICA.

The real peaceful settlement of Africa is due to the efforts of the Christian missionary. They came in the wake of the trader, settled down with him for a time in the known parts of the country and then pushed their way up into the great unknown interior. Their kindness and zeal soon won what the suspicion and greed of the trader had failed to achieve.

The earliest Christian mission to go to South Africa belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and was organised by the famous society of Jesuits. But as they were a purely religious body, without any desire to explore the unknown, we shall not dwell long on their work of uplift of the natives.

The real work of exploration did not begin till the London Missionary Society was founded in 1795. Encouraged by the British occupation of Cape Colony, they decided in 1798, to send missionaries to South Africa. Their first object was the education of the teeming population of Kafirland and of the tribes of the unknown regions of Central Africa.

The head of this mission in Africa was a Dutch physician, Van Der Kemp. He had been ordained at Oxford, was very keen on the work of conversion, and had gathered round him a band of

workers from England, Holland, and Germany. He succeeded in making his way far into Kafirland. He was, however, very fanatical. He thought more of converting the Kafirs and less of their real uplift and education. He aroused their distrust, and had to come back to the headquarters of the Mission in Algoa Bay.

On the death of Kemp twelve years later, the London Missionary Society decided to send Campbell out to take charge of the work in Africa. Campbell was a very different type of man. He loved the people and the country. He was inspired with confidence, and had many followers who helped him in his work of educating the Kafirs.

On his arrival in Cape Colony, Campbell found the country in the hands of selfish merchants who held a large numbers of slaves, and had no intention of giving them up. The movement which had been started some time ago by the Dutch to set the slaves free, was being actually checked by the Government. All the power was then in the hands of a few military men, who held very narrow views on the emancipation of slaves.

The Dutch had brought from Java a number of Mohammedan workmen and artisans. These Mohammedans were kindly, sympathetic men. They were touched by the hardships in the life of the negro slaves, they converted them to Islam, opened schools for them at their own expense, and won them over by kindness and sympathy.

Campbell, encouraged by the example of the

Mohammedan settlers, started work among the British colonists first. Soon he was able to report that many of the European settlers were treating their slaves with kindness. The negro children were put to school, they were allowed to play with the white children, and otherwise treated kindly. But when they grew up, the greed of the master generally changed his attitude towards them. They were overworked—they had no leisure to amuse themselves in any way. They were not even allowed to marry. Campbell worked hard to get these slaves their freedom. Many of them were converted, became zealous Christians and helped him in his work. Some of them accompanied him into the interior acting as his guides and interpreters.

Campbell was a born traveller. He enjoyed his long treks across the beautiful country that stretched before him for miles and miles. We shall give you an idea of his travels from a diary, which is a very interesting record of his early efforts.

Campbell started on his journey to Kemp's headquarters on Algoa Bay with two waggons, and travelled as the Boers did. Each waggon was drawn by twenty-four oxen. The heat in mid-summer being extreme in South Africa, they halted from nine in the morning till late in the afternoon. Campbell sometimes slept in the waggon while they travelled at night. But at times they had to go across hilly, rocky, or sandy country and he had then to accompany the men on foot, as there was every danger of the waggons being upset.

However, in spite of its dangers, Campbell thoroughly enjoyed his journey, for the mode of travelling was so different from that in England. They would pitch the camp at ten in the morning, and the servants would bring welcome cups of coffee or tea that refreshed them after the fatigue of the journey. When the sun cooled down a little in the afternoon they would have a chance to ramble round the camp and see many interesting beasts, birds, trees and plants. The rest, and the open air would prepare them for a simple meal, and then the next stage of the journey through the cool night.

In some places on the journey he noticed the shells of tortoises. There can be only one explanation for their being found so far inland. Apparently some birds of prey carry up the tortoises to a great height in their claws, let them fall on the hard rocks, where their shells are smashed, and the birds then devour the softer parts. He also noticed a kind of fig-tree that grows as a tiny offshoot in the trunk of a big tree, but soon attains to such proportions that it chokes the first tree by sending out in all directions numerous roots and branches, and then reigns in its stead.

Speaking of oxen he makes the following observations: "At six in the evening the oxen are yoked to the waggons ready to render us all the service in their power. They serve silently without ostentation, boasting, or desire of reward; allow them to eat grass and they ask no more. During

the night, after they have browsed a while, they draw round our waggons for safety and sleep."

They met a number of Boer farmers on the way. These Boers were more or less cut off from civilized life; they had no education, no means of spending their time, except in gossip and smoking.

Of the many interesting animals that they met on his journey, the springbok struck them as the most entertaining. This graceful gazelle rises about two yards in height from the ground with every bound, and in each spring covers several yards. Even when seen from very close quarters, they seem to be flying rather than running: so rapidly do they rise again and again, that one cannot see their feet touch the ground.

Now and then the party had to stop to get supplies of meat. These were obtained from the animals they had hunted. The Africans have a curious way of preserving meat. When so preserved, they call it biltong. This is done by cutting into thin slices the flesh of the animals killed. These slices are hung on the branches of thorn trees to dry in the sun, just as we hang our clothes to dry. If properly dried, the meat can be kept for months, provided it is not allowed to get wet. Travellers carry quantities of biltong to sustain them through parts of the country where game is scarce.



## 20. ANOTHER GREAT MISSIONARY.

The work of the London Missionary Society was carried on very usefully for many years. Several new and less known parts of South Africa were made easily accessible and the inhabitants were no longer hostile to the Europeans. Schools and hospitals were opened at several places, and missionaries even helped to arrange treaties between the Government and notable native chiefs.

In 1817 there came to South Africa a very notable personality amongst missionaries, the Reverend Robert Moffat, a Scotch clergyman. He paid his first visit to the head village of the Hottentot chief, Christian Afrikander, across the Orange River. But the rains were very scanty in this region, the Hottentots fickle in their attitude towards him, and other conditions were so unfavourable, that Moffat decided to leave the district for some place to the north-east. He wanted a populous, well-settled, fertile land to work in.

His journey lay through a barren, sandy country. His experiences were similar to those of Campbell, except that he was going through parts of the country more dangerous and less familiar. Water was in general very scarce, sometimes only available in small pools of standing water covered with green froth, which we call *kai*. More than

once they had to fight lions to obtain access to such a pool. At one place they found the honey of wild bees in the fissures of rocks. They had lived so long on dried food, that they ate the honey with no little relish. Soon afterwards, however, one of the party complained that his throat was becoming very hot, then a second, and a third, till all felt that their throats were on fire. By chance they met a wild native of those parts, who saw the hands and faces of Moffat and his companions covered with honey and remarked: "You had better not eat the honey of this valley. Do you not see the poison bushes? The bees get from these flowers not only honey but poison."

This terrified the party. They used the little water they had in their vessels to allay their scorching thirst. But the immediate effect of the water was to make them worse and the pain became almost unbearable. At the end of several days, however, no one was any the worse for this painful experience.

The lions were very abundant in this region, as were also other beasts, particularly giraffes, of whom the lions were particularly fond. Moffat tells us the story of an interesting sight. Near a small spring of water stood a low-growing acacia thorn tree, (that is a kind of *kikar*). It was about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. The thick hedge of branches and fresh offshoots was armed with long white thorns. Several years previously, a native was on his way to the fountain for a drink,

when he saw a tall, handsome giraffe browsing on the young green leaves of the acacia. Meanwhile a lion was slowly creeping up to him preparing to spring on to his neck. He eyed the giraffe for a few moments, shook himself as if to prepare for a great effort and bounded into the air, intending to light on the giraffe's neck. But just at that moment the giraffe turned aside abruptly, and the lion, missing his aim, performed a curious somersault in the air, and fell on his back in the centre of thorns which pierced his body like iron spikes. The giraffe bounded away rejoicing at his own narrow escape, and the discomfiture of his enemy. There the lion lay for several days till he died of starvation and the vultures consumed his dead body. Moffat saw the skin and tail of the lion on the tree which confirmed the story.

Moffat could not proceed very far with his work of educating the natives. Their customs and their habits of life were always in the way. The men were idle and polygamous, while the women were overworked, and seldom allowed to have their own way. Fighting hunting, watching the cattle, and milking cows were the only occupations for men. When there was peace and plenty, they sat at their cottage doors smoking or idling, while the women were engaged in all the heavy tasks requiring strength and endurance. All the agricultural work, building of huts, cooking, and rearing of children were entrusted to women. They had to build fences round fields and huts, bring in fuel,

raise food crops and vegetables, in addition to their other and harder duties.

It took him some time to convince them that the harder and rougher part of the work should be done by the men. "While standing near, the wife of one of the grandees," writes Moffat, "was, with some female companions, building a house, and making preparations to scramble by means of a branch on to the roof. I remarked to the women that they ought to get their husbands to do that part of the work. This set them all into a roar of laughter; Mahuto, the queen, and several of the men drawing near to ascertain the cause of the merriment. The wives repeated my strange, and to them, ludicrous proposal, when another peal of laughter followed. Mahuto, who was a sensible and shrewd woman, stated that the plan, though hopeless, was a good one, as she often thought our custom was much better than theirs. It was reasonable that woman should attend to household affairs and the lighter parts of labour, while man, wont to boast of his superior strength, should employ his energy in more laborious occupations; adding, she wished I would give their husbands medicine to make them do the work."

In his wanderings among the natives, Moffat had many curious experiences, and saw many interesting sights. Once when he was travelling to the country of the Metebele, he had pitched his camp near a small stream at a beautiful spot near the first cattle outpost of the Metebele. His

attention was drawn by a gigantic tree with very thick foliage. This tree stood in a quiet place by the edge of a big wood between two rocks watered by the stream. He saw a few wild looking men squatting under the tree in its shade. But something resembling the conical tops of huts peeped out of the thick leaves of the tree, and induced him to examine the tree. He went up to the men, and was told to ascend the tree by the notched trunk. He had really come to a 'village' of the Bakona, the aborigines of the country. They live in the branches of trees. In this tree Moffat was amazed to find as many as seventeen of these huts built in the air, as it were. Three others were yet in the course of construction.

In the topmost dwelling, about 32 feet from the ground, he entered and sat down. The floor was covered with hay; a spear, a spoon, and a bowl of locusts were the only other furniture of this dwelling. Moffat had been hungry since the morning and thought he would try the locusts. A woman who sat at the door, put the bowl before him and offered him what was a feast to her. He dipped his hand into the bowl and ate some. The woman also brought him other locusts that were in a powdered state. Several other women came to pay him a visit; they stepped from branch to branch with the utmost ease.

These houses are very simple and are easily built. First an oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is built of straight sticks. On one side of

this platform a small hut shaped like a cone is built. The roof is thatched with grass. It is about five feet high, and six feet across. At the entrance to the hut a small part of the platform is left uncovered to give room for sitting about, and for going from one hut to another across the branches of the tree.

Thousands of these aborigines live in such or similar huts, as they are too poor to have any other kind of house. They live on whatever they can hunt, or the little that they can raise from the soil in the neighbourhood of their 'village.' But they are a brave roving people, who do not make their home in one place for very long.

Moffat lived among the Bechuana people for many years. Bechuanaland suffers from long periods of dry weather, and sometimes there are no rains for years together. On one occasion the teachings of Moffat were put to a very severe and ridiculous test. For, thought the natives, what is the use of this new religion if it cannot give us rain. Dissatisfied with the padre and his sermons, they gathered together money enough to employ the 'rain-maker' of one of the neighbouring tribes. He was supposed never to have failed his employers in the matter of getting the rain whenever needed. As the 'rain-maker' lived among the people of the hills, where both forests and rains were equally abundant, the secret of his power should have been obvious. But the Bechuana had more faith than sense. They bribed the 'rain-

maker' away from his employers, gave him a free house, a number of sheep and goats and large promises of reward. "If he would only come to the land of the Batlapin, and open the teats of the heavens,—which had become as hard as stones,—cause the rains to fall and quench the flaming ground, he should be made the greatest man that ever lived; his riches should be beyond all calculation; his flocks covering hills and plains; he should wash his hands in milk, while all would exalt him in song, and mothers and children would call him blessed."

The 'rain-maker' did come. "The heavens had been as brass, scarcely a cloud had been seen for months, even on the distant horizon. Suddenly a shout was raised, and the whole town was in motion. The 'rain-maker' was approaching. Every voice was raised to the highest pitch with joy. He had sent a harbinger to announce his approach, with orders for all the inhabitants of the town to wash their feet. Every one seemed to fly in the swiftest obedience to the adjoining river. Noble and ignoble, even the girl, who attended to our kitchen fire, ran. Old and young ran. All the world could not have stopped them. By this time the clouds began to gather, and a crowd went out to welcome the mighty man who, as they imagined, was now collecting in the heavens his stores of rain." A small shower did fall, and the credit of the 'rain-maker' was established for some time, and Moffat sent into disgrace.

This was, however, for some time only, for the rains failed to come in spite of the best efforts of the 'rain maker' and all the offerings he gathered in the name of the rain gods. But the wily 'rain-maker' was too clever to be caught. "He angrily declared that as they had only given him goats and sheep for presents, he could only make "goat-rain;" but that, if they would provide him with a fat ox, he would let them see "ox-rain." One day, when he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, upon which one of the principal men of the town went to his hut to congratulate him. But he found him fast asleep and insensible to what was happening. 'Halloo, my father, I thought you were making rain,' said the visitor. The medicine-man awoke, and taking in the situation, and seeing his wife shaking a milk sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning: 'Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?' Needless to say this reply gave entire satisfaction.

Moffat made his home among these people. He did his best for them and for his own country, whose culture and religion he made familiar to them.



## 21. "A MAKER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE."

"I am an old man and am on the brink of the grave. I was content to die knowing that my children and my people would be safe in the hands of Mr. Rhodes, who was at once my father and my mother. The hope has been taken from me and I feel that the sun has indeed set for me." These words of noble simplicity and generous trust were uttered by Faku, a South African chief, over the dead body of Cecil Rhodes. Who was Cecil Rhodes? How ~~an~~ he come to be in South Africa? How was he able to inspire so much trust in the natives of South Africa? These are some of the questions the answers to which are sure to be of great interest to us.

Cecil Rhodes, who is now known as one of the makers of the British Empire and as the creator of South Africa, had a very humble beginning. He was born on the 5th of July, 1853, at Bishop Stortford, in the county of Hertfordshire in England. His father was a clergyman, "tall and spare in appearance" who was interested in the education of children. He was also known for his firmness of character. Cecil's mother was a woman of sympathy and understanding. She with her charm and tenderness came between her

children and their father whenever he was inclined to be too strict.

At the age of nine the boy was put to the local Grammar School, but here he gave no promise of his future greatness. He only won a silver medal for good speaking and attained the honour, at thirteen, of belonging to the school Cricket XI. But, though known as a shy and reserved lad, he did not lack courage and pluck. "Cecil can put up a good fight with his fists," admitted one of the boys who was much bigger than he was. Another boy with whom he used to go riding about the country remarked, later in life: "Cecil showed a most precious power of observation. He was all eyes for the country he passed through, and always remembered which farm was well cultivated and which slackly managed." He left school at the age of sixteen but not without deciding that the motto of his life would be 'to do or to die.' At this time, he also made up his mind never to marry. He stuck to this resolve believing firmly that marriage is a serious obstacle in the way of those who have large plans to carry out.

What was he to do now? His father wanted him and his brothers to be clergymen like himself, though four of them joined the army and three went to the colonies. "My father," said Rhodes, "was anxious that they should enter the church as a first step to becoming angels; they prefer being angels through the army and I do not blame them." But Rhodes for a long time did not know

whether he should be a clergyman or a lawyer. "I do not deny," he wrote to an aunt, "for it would only be hypocrisy to say otherwise, that I still, above everything, would like to be a barrister, but I agree with you it is a very precarious profession. Next to that, I think a clergyman's life is the nicest; and, therefore, I shall most earnestly try to go to college, because I have fully determined to be one of these two,—a college education is necessary for both. I think that as a barrister a man may be just as good a Christian as in any other profession."

He was not, however, destined to be a leading light of the Church or a distinguished member of the Bar. He fell ill, but before the illness could take a serious turn, he was advised to try the effects of a sea voyage and a better climate abroad. He, therefore, went to Natal to join a brother who had set up as a planter there.

After a voyage of seventy days, he set foot on African soil, a tall, pale-faced, fair-haired boy. There was no one there to welcome him, for his brother, whom alone he expected, had gone away on an expedition, asking a friend to look after the boy. Little did that friend know at that time that the lonely, reserved boy, whom he was sheltering under his roof, was to change the face of South Africa one day. Then he only thought that there was no greater destiny in store for the studious, quiet boy than the life of a person in some out-of-the-way parish in England. But, as we all

know, the boy was marked out by destiny for something far bigger than that.

On his brother's return from the expedition, both of them set out for the Umkomanzi Valley, south of Pietermaritzburg, where the elder had already bought a farm. On this they started cotton-planting, though all their neighbours warned them that that would fail very miserably. And in the beginning these warnings did come true. The yield of cotton for the first year was very poor and disappointing; but the two brothers were not discouraged; they held on and in a few years became very prosperous farmers.

But more valuable than the profit from planting was the knowledge he gained of the difficulties of farming in South Africa. It was here that he gained an intimate knowledge of the natives of South Africa which proved so useful to him afterward. This experiment, indeed, taught him that hard work was the only way to success, and that difficulties were meant to be overcome. If, in his after life, anybody told him that a thing was impossible, he remarked at once: "Ah! yes, they told me I couldn't grow cotton." Farming also made him a keen businessman as well as improved his health. He did not neglect his education either. He devoted all his leisure to the study of books. He still dreamed of going to Oxford to complete his education.

Farming, however, did not hold him long. The discovery of the Diamond Fields which open-

ed a new chapter in the history of South Africa proved also a turning-point in the career of Rhodes. He soon turned his back on his farm in Natal; and packing his luggage which consisted of a few digger's tools and a few books, he started on his journey to the Diamond Fields in a cart drawn by oxen. Here he joined his brother who had bought claims valued at £5,000. But his brother left him after some time, and he was left alone to look after the business. One of his biographers tells us: "At seventeen he arrives in Natal friendless and alone, at eighteen he takes sole charge of a farm of 250 acres and a gang of native labourers, and now at eighteen and a half he has claims valued at £5,000 to look after, more raw natives to keep in order and to hold his own in a rough, undisciplined crowd." But he proved equal to the task and everybody thought him to be a wonderful fellow.

This hard work, however, resulted in a serious illness. But as soon as he recovered he undertook a long trek into the Transvaal. This bore fruit in many ways. Besides the gain to his health, it deepened in him the love of South Africa, its people, its scenes of natural beauty, its vast rolling spaces and even its animals. It also made him think that such a fine country should be ruled by none but the British. To extend the British dominion in South Africa became therefore the chief aim—perhaps the very religion—of his life. There could be no better mission for him to follow

in his life than to make the British the chief power in Africa. Only by doing so could he do something for his fellowmen. Thus alone he could help the cause of truth, justice, peace and liberty.

The immediate result of this tour was to strengthen his resolve to go to Oxford 'to help himself in his career.' He therefore returned to England and entered Oriel College: Oxford left a deep impression on his life and thought. The first lecture of Ruskin, in which he asked the youth of England to have some ideal of service to their country before them and to make her again 'a royal-throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace, mistress of learning and of the arts, and faithful guardian of time-honoured principles,' always rang in his ears. He believed these words to express truths of which he was convinced. He believed with Ruskin that England 'must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to advance the power of England by land and sea, and that, though they live on a distant plot of ground, they are no more to consider themselves disfranchised from their native land than the sailors of her fleets do, because they float on distant seas.' It was, indeed, the inspiration of these passionate words that led him to draw up a will at twenty--

one. In that will he stated that he would dedicate his life as well as his fortune to the service of the British Empire, a promise which he kept faithfully.

He remained thus bound to Oxford with the ties of a life-long devotion and affection. It is said that during the last years of his life when he was sick and distressed in mind, a visitor happened to refer to the first sentence of Matthew Arnold's panegyric on Oxford. At this Rhodes asked him to repeat the whole of it; and when he had done it, there came a glow of satisfaction and pride on his face, and he felt quite happy. He used to say that the kind of education given at Oxford was the *best of its kind, and that Oxford graduates were everywhere 'at the top of the tree.'* Such was his faith in Oxford that he left the bulk of his fortune for the founding of the scholarship system known as the Rhodes Scholarships which provide for the support at Oxford of about 175 scholars from the colonies, the United States and Germany for a term of three years. By doing so he believed he was making provision for the best education that can be given to young men. This, he thought, would unite the scattered parts of the Empire together, and make all English-speaking peoples into a single nation.

Though he believed strongly in the value of education given at Oxford, he did not avail himself of all the advantages offered by that seat of learning. He did not attend his lectures regularly, and when a tutor asked the reason of his irregular

attendance, he replied: "Do not bother about me, I shall pull through somehow." And he did pull through. And though he was not a regular student, he was a reader of books and took his degree successfully.

But he had many other interests besides his studies. Even when he was a student at Oxford, he used to spend his vacation at Kimberley looking after his business. He was at that time a member of the Cape Ministry also.

Nobody can deny that he was a man of big ideas. He, however, knew that big ideas required money. In order to amass wealth for the carrying out of his schemes, he attempted to bring together the large number of the diamond mines of Kimberley and the De Beers Company. In this he succeeded and came to be known as a genius in the business world of the day.

After this he took part in the politics of South Africa. He established his name there as easily as he had done in the world of business. He had a large following of Boers, Dutchmen, Afrikanders, and Englishmen in South Africa and soon rose to be the Premier of the Colony. It was his desire to see Africa British from the Cape to Cairo. But though he wanted the Empire to be firmly established, he would not do so by sacrificing the rights and happiness of the natives. In spite of a war and native rebellions, he succeeded in introducing several reforms and in extending local education. The period of his premiership came to an abrupt



end in 1895, owing to the incident which came to be known as the Jameson Raid.

Knowing that he could no longer serve the best interests of the Colony, he went to Rhodesia in order to develop its natural resources and civilize its people. But a native rebellion broke out there and interfered with his plans. He, however, dealt with this rebellion in a characteristic way. He pitched his tent at the base of the hill which the rebels were occupying; and from where it was impossible to drive them away. It was soon rumoured among the rebels that Cecil Rhodes was prepared to hear and redress their grievances. A meeting was, therefore, arranged between the rebels and Cecil Rhodes in the very depths of the hill. Cecil Rhodes went in their midst, unarmed and accompanied only by three men. The rebels told him a long tale of grievances; but he succeeded in pacifying them and in winning them over. At last, he rose to go away and finally asked them: "Now, for the future, is it peace or is it war?" At this the chiefs laid down their arms before him and said: "We give you our word; it is peace." After this scene Cecil Rhodes came away, having obtained by tact and understanding what force had failed to do.

He had now only a few years of life left to him. These he spent in achieving some very big projects. He constructed a railway line with which he hoped to connect the Cape with Cairo. He also planned a telegraphic land line through

to Egypt. These plans for the good of the people had, however, to be given up on account of the outbreak of the South African War. He was taking part in the siege of Kimberley, when his health completely broke down. He died on the 25th of March, 1902, at Muizenberg, near Cape Town. "So little done, so much to do," are reported to have been his last words.

People failed to understand Cecil Rhodes in his lifetime. Many thought him to be a dishonest politician who would stick at nothing in getting what he wanted. But his death and the knowledge of his will after that have removed all these prejudices. Now he stands out clear in all his greatness. He conceived everything on a grand scale, whether he constructed a road, a railway line or a telegraphic line, founded scholarships, built a monument or a house, floated a commercial venture or undertook the cultivation of lands. His income was stupendously large, but all of it he devoted to public ends. He spent very little on himself. He lived abstemiously and dressed poorly. He rebuilt and furnished an old Dutch house, Groote Schuur, and left it as his legacy to the nation for the residence of the Prime Ministers of the Cape.

By his special wish his remains were buried in a lonely grave in the Matoppo Hills, the scene of his famous interview with the native chiefs.